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Tobacco and Cigars,
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The North Platte Tribune

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We are making Fresh Candies
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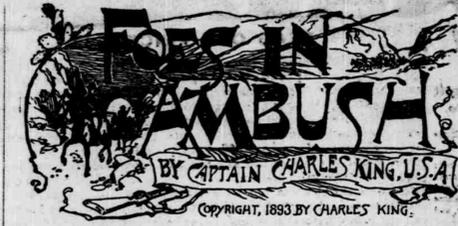
VOL. X.

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1894.

NO. 1.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE



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Davis, the Hardware Man,
Has just received the
Nicest Assortment of Lamps
to be found in the west. Also a nice line of silver-plated
Tea and Coffee Pots and Tea-kettles; something new,
combining beauty and durability. We handle the
ACORN STOVES,
cook and heating, for either soft or hard coal, which will
be sold regardless of cost for the next three weeks. Remember we carry a full line of Hardware, Stoves and
Tinware and would be pleased to have you call and see us.
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Repairing Promptly Executed.

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NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

Paid up Capital, \$75,000.

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WE AIM TO HANDLE THE BEST GRADE OF GOODS,
SELL THEM AT REASONABLE PRICES, AND WARRANT
EVERYTHING AS REPRESENTED.

Orders from the country and along the line of the Union
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F. J. BROEKER,

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CLEANER AND REPAIRER
LARGE STOCK OF PIECE GOODS
embracing all the new designs, kept on hand and made to order.
PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.
PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE
Spruce Street between Fifth and Sixth.

THE CASINO BILLIARD HALL

J. E. GRACE, Proprietor.

SUPERIOR BILLIARD and POOL TABLES

Bar Stocked with the Finest of Liquors.
A QUIET AND ORDERLY RESORT
Where gentlemen will receive courteous treatment at all times and
where they will always be welcome. Our billiard and pool hall
is not surpassed in the city and lovers of these games can
be accommodated at all times.

THE CASINO, - - NEVILLE BLOCK.

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—AND—
WEEKLY INTER OCEAN,
Both One Year for \$1.30.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Awarded Highest Honors.—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia, No Alum.
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was Uncle Sam and his liveried henchmen. Nobody in Sonora would fall for these with anxious eyes, but in the deed of rapine that made them the captors and possessors of those defenseless sisters each man had put a price upon his head, a halter round his neck, for "gringos" and "grasas," American and Mexican alike, would spring to arms to rescue and avenge. As the rear most of the little party of pursuers disappeared in the darkness and the westward pack mules went jogging unheeded, urged on by the goad of their half Mexican driver, the sergeant left in charge at his watch and noted that it was now 2:30 o'clock. The dawn would be creeping on at 4.

Wearied as were his men, he did not permit them all to rest. The condition of his wounded and the instructions left him by Lieutenant Drummond made it necessary that they should have constant care. It was now 3:30 o'clock and he looked at the old paymaster, whose life seemed ebbing away, lying there so pallid and moaning at times so piteously, but Feeny lay torpid, breathing, yet seeming to suffer not at all. Both were in desperate need of surgical attendance, but where could surgery be found? The nearest was at Stoneham, the little cantonment across the Colorado, 30 miles to the east and though a gallant fellow had volunteered to make the ride alone through the Apache infested pass and carry the dispatch that Drummond had hurriedly pencilled there was no possibility of doctors reaching them before the coming night, and the thought of all they might have to suffer through the fierce white heat of the intervening day was one that gave the sergeant deep concern. Then, too, who could say whether the solitary trooper would succeed in running the gantlet and making his way through? He was a resolute old frontiersman, skilled in Indian warfare and well aware that his best chance was in the dark, but if he was a Texas as he claimed Texas people had learned to talk a different language. He was stationed among them with the old Second cavalry before the war, and that he wished he'd been there at Lowell when the adjutant accepted those letters from former officers of the regiment as gratuities. Bland would have shown them to Feeny. Said he had seen them all to his home in Texas. "What was that made bad blood between heaven and now to think that one of our troops—C troop—should have been engaged in this outrage! But we'll get them, men," said Drummond, straightening up to his full height and raising his gauntleted hand in air. "They can't go fast or far with those wagons such a night as this. They'll strike the foot hills before they've gone 10 miles, then they'll find the sun is up, and by the God of heaven, if Bland is with them, I'll string him to the highest tree we can find."

"There's more than him that'll be strung up in an undertone." The gang that murdered Pat Donovan will find scant mercy in this world, or at eight o'clock tonight many of the horses started in fear. It was the lifeless body of Donovan's companion, the soldier who had escaped the assassin's bullet when he was shot on a chase with one of his comrades. "It's the blindest I've known ever in Arizona," said Leo to his young leader. "The paymaster and Mr. Harvey about as good as dead, old Feeny here, the clerk and Mullin and some other trooper of the escort burned to ashes in that hell hole there, and Donovan and this last one—some of our fellows think it is Flynn, from F troop—were shot to death. It's worse than Apache, Lieutenant, and there'll be no use trying to restrain our fellows when we catch the blackguards."

A quarter of an hour later, leaving half a dozen soldiers under an experienced sergeant to guard the packs, the wounded and the non-combatants at the smoldering ruins of the ranch, with barely a score of seasoned troopers at the heels of the lieutenant, Jim Drummond rode resolutely out toward the southern desert, toward the distant line of jagged mountains that spanned the far horizon. The false and fatal blaze at the Picocho had utterly disappeared, and all was darkness at the west. The red glow of the smoldering embers behind was no longer sufficient to light their path. Straight away southward led the wheel tracks, first separate and distinct, but soon blending, as though one wagon had fallen behind and followed the trail of the bolder leader in the first. Straight away after them went the rick of hoof tracks, telling plainly that for a time at least the gang had massed and was prepared to guard its sliver.

Stop to divide it was evident they had done so for they had not with them the implements to break into the safe, and all their searching and threatening had failed to extract from the apparently dying paymaster any clue as to what he had done with the key. Stick together, therefore, they undoubtedly would, reasoned the lieutenant, and all their effort would be to reach some secure haunt in the Sierras and there send back their demand for ransom. Twenty-five thousand dollars in cash and George Harvey's precious daughters! It was indeed a rich haul—one that in all the dread history of the Morales gang had never been equalled. Even had they failed to secure the safe all that men can do. They'll bring the ladies safely back as soon as they've hung what's left of that murdering gang. Hello! That you, Fox? He shouted, springing up as two or three

horses came spurting in. "It's a Wing," was the answer in ringing tones. "Fox is coming slower. Quick now. Is it so that that gang has run off the young ladies?" "It's God's truth. Here's Mr. Ned Harvey himself, and he'll tell you all. In an instant Wing was kneeling by the side of the prostrate man. "Merciful heaven, my friend, but they've used you fearfully! They only bound and held me till Jackson got back from Ceravallo's a couple of hours ago. Are you shot-injured?" "No, no," groaned Harvey. "But I am broken, utterly broken, and my situation would do it, we'll have your sisters never worry about that, man. I know young Drummond well. There isn't a braver, better officer in the old regiment if he is but a boy. He'll never drop that trail till he overtakes them and by the time he needs us old Pike here and I will be at his side. Thank the Lord, those louts were frightened off and never took our horses. They're fresh as daisies, both of 'em. Cheer up, Mr. Harvey. If hard riding and hard fighting will do it, we'll have your sisters to nurse you before another night. Come, Pike," he cried as he vaulted into saddle. "Now for the liveliest gallop of your lazy, good for nothing life. Come on!"

CHAPTER VII.
A new May morning was breaking, its pale, rosy light warming the crevices of the Santa Maria, when Lieutenant Drummond signalled "halt" to his little band, the first halt since leaving Moreno's at 2:30. Down in a rocky canyon a number of hoof prints on the sand were easy to divine that, with such an abrupt descent, while the wagons had kept to the right and by a winding and more gradual road seemed to have sought a crossing farther to the west. It was easy to divine that, with such elements in the gang, there had been no long separation between the horsemen and the treasure they were guarding, and, eager as he was to overtake the renegades, Drummond promptly decided to follow the hoof tracks, rightly conjecturing, too, that they would bring him to water in the rocky tanks below.

Dismounting and leading the animals to the same point, and with more or less elasticity coming on in the footsteps of his leader. The faint wail of early dawn was rendering neighboring objects visible on the sandy plain behind them, and the light of dawn had penetrated into the depths of the gorge. Lying far to the west of the Tucson road was a section of the country unknown to any of the troop, and with every rocky knob of white quartz, such as the desert ahead so soon as the sun was up no chance for watering their horses could be thrown away. Just as he expected, Drummond found the descent becoming more gradual, and halted at the edge of a shining pool of clear though not very cool water and the horses thrust their hot snuzzles deep into the wave. Here, shaded by the broad, branching limbs of a trembling hand, the Arizona trooper of the old days generally affected, a match or two was struck and the neighborhood searched for "signs." The rocks around the tank were dry; the little drifts of sand blown down from the overhanging heights were smooth. Whatsoever splashing had been done by the horses of the outlaws there had been abundant time for it to evaporate, therefore the command could not thus far have gained very rapidly on the pursued. But Drummond felt no discouragement. Up to this point the way had been smooth and sufficiently hard to make wheeling an easy matter. The wagons had been lugged along at brisk trot, the attending cavaliers riding at lively lope. Now, however, there would be no likelihood of their making such time. The ambulance could only go at slow walk the rest of the way, and the guards must remain alongside to protect the stolen funds, not so much from envious outsiders as from one another. Pasqual Morales showed his accustomed shrug when he was asked to see that the fighting power if assailed. The instant the money was scattered the gang would follow suit and he'd be left to meet the cavalry single handed.

The horses of the little detachment were not long in slaking their thirst. The noiseless signal to mount was given, and following in the lead of their young lieutenant the troopers rode silently down the winding canyon, Drummond and Sergeant Lee bending low over their chargers' necks to see that they did not miss the hoof prints. [CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

CHAPTER VI.
Harvey could not long have lain unconscious. No bones were broken, no severe concussion sustained in the rapid drag over the sandy surface, and the swift sense of the calamity that had befallen him and the dread and doubt as to the fate of his beloved ones seemed to rally his stunned and bewildered faculties and bring him face to face with the horror of the situation. Barely able to breathe, he found himself rudely gagged. Striving to raise his hand to tear the hateful bandage away, he found that he was pinned by the belt and bound hand and foot by the very riata probably that had dragged him thither. No doubt as to the nationality of his unseen captors here. The skill with which he had been looped, tripped, whisked away and bound—the sharp, biting edges, even the odor of dirty rawhide rope—all told him that, though Americans were not lacking in the gang, the immediate antagonists hailed from across the Sonora line. Who and what they were mattered little, however. The fact that after hours of repulse in open attack the foe had all on a sudden carried their castle by a damnable ruse was only too forcibly apparent. Writhing, struggling in miserable effort to free himself from his bonds, poor Harvey's burning eyes were made blind by the picture before him only a couple of hundred yards away.

There in the fierce light of the flames now bursting from every window and roaring and shooting high in air from the brush heap round Moreno's ranch—there stood the Concord wagon, stalwart men clinging to the heads of the pack and excited mules, a big ruffian, as he sat in the driver's seat, whip and reins in hand; there besides it was the paymaster's ambulance, into which three of the gang were just shoving the green painted iron safe—the Funder's box that had carried their sorrows—there Moreno's California buckboard, pressed into service and being used to carry the wounded, drawn by the extra mules, and then—God of heaven! what a sight for brother's eyes to see and make no sign—then one big brute lifted from the ground and handed up to a fellow already ensconced within the covered wagon the senseless, perhaps lifeless, form of pretty little Ruth, his father's idol. The poor child lay unresisting in the ruffian's arms, but not so Pasquita. It took two men, strong and burly, to lift and force her into the dark interior, and one of those, to the uttermost detail of his equipment, was to all appearance a trooper of the United States cavalry.

There stood his panting horse, with hanging head and jaded withers, whose steel wheels ruck they had well-nigh broken with such a jolt. The man died, bridled, blanketed, saddlebagged, lariated, side lashed, every item complete and exactly as issued by the ordnance department. The trooper himself wore the field uniform of the cavalry, a dark blue blouse, crossed by the black carbine sling, whose big brass buckle Ned could even now see gleaming between the crossed straps of his girth. He gazed at the man with a look of mingled horror and the thrill of joy which he had noted, as the splendid rider reined in and threw himself from the saddle, the crossed sabers, the troop letter "C" and the regimental number gleaming at the front of his campaign hat.

Who—who could this be, wearing the honorable garb of a soldier of the United States, yet figuring as a ringleader in a band of robbers and murderers, and yet rapine to their calendar of crime? Edward Harvey's heart almost burst with helpless rage and wretchedness when he saw his precious sisters dragged within a few minutes of the tall, uniformed brigand leap lightly after them and heard him shout to the ready driver, "Now, off with you!"

Crack! went the whip as the men sprang from the heads of the frantic mules, and with a bound that nearly wrenched the trace hooks from the stout whiplashes the Concord went spinning over the sands to the south, whirling so near him that over the hind of his heels and whirl of wheels and crash of spring and woodwork he could hear poor Fanny's despairing cry—the last sound he was aware of for hours, for now in dead earnest Harvey swooned away.

Half an hour later, the rafters of the ranch having by this time tumbled in and turned the interior into a glowing furnace, there came riding from the west a slender skirmish line of horsemen in the worn campaign dress of the regular cavalry. With the advance there were not more than six or eight, a tall, slender lieutenant, leading them on and signaling his instructions. With carbines advanced, with eyes peering out from under the jagged hat brims, the veteran troopers came loping into the light of the flames, expecting every instant of hearing the crack of outlaw's rifle or perhaps the hiss of feathered arrow of unseen foe. Though some of the steeds looked hot and weary, the big ruffian's coral and the young commander tugged at his bit and bounded impatiently as though eager for the signal—"charge."

Straight into the circle of light, straight to the southern entrance, now a gate of flame, the soldier rode and loudly hailed "Moreno!"

But hissing, snapping woodwork alone replied. Guided by the experience of a sergeant, some of the troopers never halting, rode on into the eastward darkness, and there were stationed as vedettes to guard against surprise. Returning to where he had passed his lieutenant, the sergeant dismounted, allowing his weary horse to stand, and then began a minute examination. Following the freshest hoof tracks, as found the young officer riding about through the thick smoke within the corral.

"Any sign of Moreno or his people, sir?" he hailed.

"Not yet. Just see what's beyond that doorway and I can't see for the smoke."

Obedient, the sergeant pushed ahead, bending low to avoid the stifling fumes. Between the tumbledown heap of barley sacks and the crumbling wall lay some writing objects in the sand, and his stout heart almost failed him at the moment of agony that met his ear.

"Help! water! Oh, for Christ's sake, water!"

One bound carried him out of sight of his superior. The next instant, dragging by the foot a prostrate man, he came from the bank into the fresher air of the center of the corral. Off came his cauteen and was held to the parched lips of a stranger in scorched civilian dress, his head and arms singed by the flames, his legs and arms severely bound.

"Who are you and what's happened? Whose work is this?" demanded the lieutenant, leaping nimbly to his side. The man moved swooning away, but the sergeant dashed water in his face.

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